

If you want a chance, take one—they're free today

# Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page

Good luck is a lazy man's estimate of a worker's success

## The Firm of "Thinker and Tinker"

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

There are feet enough in the world to keep any shoemaker sticking to his last. He can always find a good market for a good boot.

Concentrate on your specialty—it's as big as you are. But no task counts for more than the man behind it.

Millions have been made out of pin-heads, but never with them. What you do is secondary to how you do it.

Fortunes have been extracted from and turned into junk-piles—a waster's refuse heap is a chemist's gold mine.

The Chinese first thought of gun-powder and next of fire-crackers. They hit the idea and missed the application. They discovered the force with which to conquer the universe, and are today vassals to a toy nation, that discovered itself in the utilization of that force.

Enterprise fattens on the leavings of fools.

A Boer farmer fought privation on the site of the Kimberley diggings, while his babies amused themselves with diamond pebbles. No circumstance can profit an ignoramus.

Luck is like a lightning rod—it can't hold what it catches.

Franklin didn't find electricity by accident, but by a key. His idea was in the clouds, and worthless till he sent up and brought it down to earth.

Everybody knew that flying was feasible. Proof existed as long as man, but the knowledge didn't help until we helped ourselves. It was all plane sailing after we went about it in the Wright way.

When man grows sufficiently thoughtful, he grows wings. Intelligence is the jack-of-all-tools.

When brains and fingers connect—so does everything else.

The old reliable firm of "Thinker and Tinker" prompted and promoted every original enterprise on earth.

They were court contractors for Hia and Chow—constructed the Great Wall of China, built Nimrod's Palace, engineered the Pyramids, stuck the Colossus across the Harbour of Rhodes, reared and decorated the Temples of the Acropolis, set up the Columns at Karnak, turned Niagara into a biscuit bakery, smelted rainbows and roses out of coal tar, invented tomato cans, false teeth, ear-muffs, locomotives, microscopes, felt hats, submarines and butter churns.

They'll take orders for anything, from an operation in laparotomy, to a hedge of Woolworth buildings.

They'll deliver a dreadnought to destroy New York, and a gun to sink the dreadnought.

The secret of their success is co-operation—Tinker needs Thinker—Thinker needs Tinker. The firm fails when the partners separate.

## "The Low Brow on Olympus"

### THE HALF BALD LADY

(Note: The Greeks pictured opportunity as a goddess with all her hair on her forehead, so that he who would seize opportunity must stand ahead—there was nothing to clutch from behind.)

IN the days before Greece was a spot on the map. When gods, nymphs and dryads were always on tap. The affable chap in the smokes might be Apollo or Jupiter out on a spree. And any fine lad might butt into a skirt From Olympus, who'd dropped into town for a flirt.

Now there lived in those times by the River Meander A ne'er-do-well shepherd, young Nisus Leander. He was always complaining and wondering why Opportunity never tossed him the glad eye. "If she once comes my way, I'll be there, bo, to greet her. I know how to handle that dame when I meet her."

One morning expounding his wonderful scheme, So busy was he on his favorite theme, That he wasn't aware of a goddess who passed And gave him the office point-blank, while he gassed. She stood on the corner awhile, and then quit. "What's your hurry?" he cried. "I'll be there, wait a bit."

He tried to detain her. (Don't think that I'm rude— But the lady was rather—the word is so crude. At least you will gather that seeking to clutch A fold of her toga—he mainly missed much.) He reached for her tresses—then stood there appalled To discover—well, nothing—the lady was bald.

#### Moral:

The moral we gain from this story is plain: Pursuit of a past opportunity's vain. Womanlike, you can bet, if she leaves you behind. It's because she has some other fellow in mind. It's a sheer waste of time to chase after her, brother. Wipe the old slate, forget it, and look up another.

## Our Enemies Are in the Field

WHILE we are debating means and meanness of National Preparedness, we may as well get our hand in and start earning the cost of needed fortifications, fleets and armies, by driving out the enemy already in our midst—the price raisers and crop killers, whose depredations frown more heavily on prosperity than the economic menace of any foreign hostile.

Fiscally, there are worse pests than "militarism." We can easily afford to support Mars in the style and luxury to which he has grown accustomed, if we meanwhile economize on our pet folly—the bug's bill-of-fare. His appetite is an intolerable burden. Worms, scales, beetles, weevils and rodents annually gnaw a billion-dollar hole in the world's purse. They are the silent partners of agriculture and manage to get more than an even break.

Some day governments will appreciate the necessity of 45-centimeter ideas in pest fighting. We haven't yet learned properly to fear things that we don't properly see. If army worms were occasionally the size of boa-constrictors—if house flies could for a few hours be as big as elephants and fruit scales suddenly swell to the dimensions of whales—we would see them in their true proportions.

But because they are individually so insignificant, we don't consider their numbers and acquaint ourselves with the appalling fact, that every man in America pays as much to board the caterpillars and vermin as he expends for his own table.

You see, it isn't the farmer's private problem at all. He suffers directly, but ultimately he passes the buck to the cities. The mechanic, the clerk, the merchant, finally assume his losses.

Produce prices are regulated by yield. The more food we can grow to an acre, without adding to operating expense, the cheaper food grows. We could pay for half a dozen European wars every generation with the revenues we now squander on the support of the little brothers of destruction.

Congressional legislation is needed before we can competently organize for their extermination, and your voice will hasten that legislation.

The Hired Men of Washington are sent there to vote your desires into action. Get out of the habit of thinking that the farmer's troubles aren't everybody's.

Every time you help him, you help yourself. The consumer always pays. Down with the bugs and the high cost of living!

## The Winning Breed

AMBITION is a wedge—it elects a purpose and then selects a purchase. Will and doggedness widen the breach wherever opportunity offers an opening. Nothing can long oppose the man whose motto is: "If it can be—I can do."

